Alone and Together

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Alone and Together

by Sanguineheroine

Summary

Will considers the concept of family. Hannibal wears pyjamas.

Notes

Warning: References to violence against children and death of children. Not graphic, but present.

The room smells of rot; sweet and sick and heavy. Will's stomach roils with the first breath.

A nearby scene technician reaches into her pocket and hands him a tiny jar of wintergreen. He smears some balm under his nostrils and hands it back with a grateful smile.

Nose-blind, Will can focus on the scene before him. Alpha, kits, and Omega, seated around the dinner table. All still, all dead. In his mind, Will holds a gun to the Omega's head and sees her guilty regret, hears her whispered apologies. The unease in his belly becomes a stabbing cramp as he is overwhelmed by her grief at seeing two of her kits dead at the hand of their brother.

"What do you see?" Jack asks.

"Family." Replies Will, thinking of Hannibal and Abigail and Nick Boyle's lonely grave. He wants to go home.

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"They died at Christmas dinner," Will says, leaning on the counter with his head in his hands. Hannibal wordlessly returns the roast he is dressing for their dinner to the refrigerator. He gathers Will into his arms and holds him tightly to his heart while the grey sky fades to deep blue behind the kitchen curtains.

For dinner, Hannibal lays out baked cheese surrounded by fruit and bread, herbs and olives, cured meat and preserves. They eat on the hearthrug in their pyjamas, and Will and Abigail giggle over their glasses of sweet white wine at the sight of Hannibal in plaid flannel. Their three scents mingle pleasingly in the smoky air and Will breathes deep, driving away the memory of rotting flesh and roasted meat.

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In his warm bed, Will dreams of cold.

Snow hangs heavy on low branches, falls soft and soundless to the ground when two girls push the shadows aside to emerge into moonlight. The murdered kits.

They stand beside him, as still as they had been at the crime scene but pale now, long-limbed and whole. When Will holds out his hands to them, they twine their tiny fingers with his and lead him back into the darkness under the trees. Snow melts and steams as he pushes through the needled branches.

When he wakes his feet are aching with cold. Icy air stings his sweat-slick arms and legs, burns his lips and steals his voice when he opens his mouth to call for help. No words come, but when Will breathes in the wind brings a familiar scent, faint but distinct. Blood and salt, citrus, musk.

Hannibal.

Will turns to follow the source of the scent, clumsily slipping on hidden rocks and smooth patches where puddles have turned to ice. The pain in his feet recedes and he recognizes distantly that he should be afraid, should sit still and wait, but he feels only a kind of delirious determination to reach Hannibal. Hunger overtakes him and his mouth waters. He breaks into a stumbling run.

Just before Will breaks through the tree line at the edge of his garden, he is caught and swept up into strong arms. He can hear Hannibal speaking, but the words disappear into the fog that has descended over Will's mind, and he can think only of lips and skin. He turns his face to Hannibal's neck and takes deep, greedy, breaths of his scent. Will's racing heart slows, and his mind begins to clear.

"… so worried. I feared-" Hannibal pauses and looks down at Will. Whatever he sees in his face gives him pause. "Dear one?" He asks cautiously, "can you understand me?"

There's starlight in Hannibal's eyes and Will can only stare, hypnotised. He watches the galaxy revolve there, framed by amber and long, silvery, lashes. He follows the spiralling stars inwards to the centre of Hannibal's mind, parts of himself falling away to trail behind and catch fire. He feels his skin begin to blaze as he falls.

Will feels Hannibal's worry first, like a sticky ash that roughens the usually smooth, cool, contours of his mind. Set aside from that are the crisp and clinical observations of the heat from Will's skin, his dilated pupils, the too-fast flutter of his pulse and his shallow breathing. And under it all is a heaving animal awareness of scent and blood and breath. Will immerses himself in it, smells the honey-and-seashell scent of slick and the salt of his sweat with Hannibal's alpha senses and the realisation comes like a lightning strike.

He's in heat.

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